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THE MESSAGE

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THE MESSAGE

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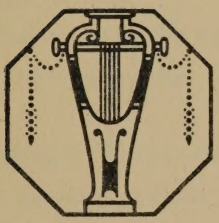

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INDEX OF FIRST LINES

		PAGE
I.	I come in the four winds . . .	9
II.	The Messenger came from a distant country	10
III.	Where shall I alight? . . .	12
IV.	I rise on the wings of the eagle .	13
V.	Hide not thy talent too long in the earth	17
VI.	Great Teacher! Answer me . .	19
VII.	I cling to my rock amidst this sea of turmoil	22
VIII.	Spread thy wings, O my Spirit . .	25
IX.	I come from out the blue space .	27
X.	In ancient teaching . . .	29
XI.	Woman of all the world! . .	31
XII.	Offspring of Love and of Suffering .	33
XIII.	Silence!	35

PAGE

XIV. I am the Light Bringer . . 38

XV. The Fire mists rise . . . 39

XVI. Sing ye a song unto me, O my People 40

XVII. Abandon care, all ye who enter here! 44

XVIII. I stand upon the rock . . 46

XIX. A grey dawn 48

XX. I am dancing, dancing, dancing . 49

XXI. We launch our bark on the ocean wide 50

XXII. The quiet peace of early morn . 52

XXIII. I am a child 53

XXIV. I wander in the desert . . 54

XXV. Beloved, I stand at the door of thy tent 56

XXVI. An eagle caged . . . 58

XXVII. Make thyself a god within thy heart . 59

XXVIII. Seven silent sentinels standing on the hill-top . . . 60

XXIX. The silver locks, the eyes grown dim 62

XXX. My soul is drenched in tears like autumn rain . . . 64

		PAGE
XXXI.	See where yonder crones spin webs of fate	66
XXXII.	What is this Universal Soul .	68
XXXIII.	I am thy Master, child . .	70
XXXIV.	What will you, Man, that Life should give to you? . .	72
XXXV.	The hours are dull as unprolific sleep	73
XXXVI.	The call from the Mountain of Dawn	77
XXXVII.	A day of sunshine, joy and sweet content	79
XXXVIII.	Because I love you . . .	80
XXXIX.	Joy, Joy! A pæan of Joy to the Sun . . .	82
XL.	Dance! Dance! Dance to the pipes of Pan!	83
XLI.	Autumn leaves are gone, the fields . are ploughed . . .	85
XLII.	Put thy trust in Humanity . .	87
XLIII.	Our children, yours and mine .	91

I.

I come in the four winds, in sun and in shadow, in joy and in sorrow.

Elusive am I, ne'er answering command!

To earth the glint of a will-o'-the-wisp, or the comet appearing in space and fading away into years of forgetting.

Blessed be ye who see, and ever more blessed the man whose heart is open to make me his own.

From him will go forth to his brothers a ray of that force that is me.

They shall shine glorious within and without, like stars hanging in the sapphire of the night-sky—great and beautiful and love-inspiring!

Doth thy mind recognise what I am, or must I whisper in sweet-sounding, soul-compelling song that will echo through thee to the world?

'I am a ray from the Spirit of Truth, Love

and Joy—the Trinity of promise and prophecy now coming forth, gorgeous and golden.

'Throw the gates wide, and let the flood carry thee to the summit of this hidden mountain, and there be as the Ark resting!

'On the Great Day of Sunrise may ye go forth as the husbandman to scatter the seed and the glory of Heaven's new message to earth.'

II.

The Messenger came from a distant country, and was taken before the King, and said unto him,

'Lo, O King! Where is thy Throne, and how far doth thy Kingdom reach, and the beauty and happiness of thy subjects, where is it hid?'

And the King was amazed, and replied,

'Messenger! Are thine eyes dim? Am I not seated on a Throne of Gold, and dost thou not see in the distance my palaces and my cities, and my ships filled with merchandise? Are not my subjects decked in garments of

wonderful colour to receive thee, and are not the ladies of my court of beautiful form and with shining eyes of invitation for thy glance?'

Then the Messenger looked around and afar on all that the King directed, but shook his head :—

'I see naught but shadow. The land that I come from has neither colour nor forms like these you call beautiful. Wilt thou return with me, that I may show thee what I and my brothers call Beauty?'

The King consented, and departed with him, and time passed and in his kingdom he was forgotten, and another sat in his place and ruled, but the King returned not; for this country that was shown to him was as the rays of the Sun to the candle light and contentment could no more be in his heart, dwelling in the shadow.

To the Ruler of this golden place he said :—

'Great Master! Make me a messenger from thy Kingdom rather than a King upon earth, and joyfully shall I carry Thy message back to those who were my people, if they will but listen to me.

'Give me Thy command that I make of Kings Thy banner-bearers, then may their

faithful subjects follow them, and queens shall write this scroll—

'Promise, the child of Spring, heralding the Golden Age.'

Many may not meet the kingly messenger, but all may see what the Queen hath put upon the Banner.

III.

Where shall I alight? I who am the child of the Morning—the child with wings—the child born of the will to choose—the child who carries the salvation of Man in his heart.

I stand poised in mid-air over the sea.

I can gaze at the Sun like the eagle, and am not blinded by the dust of the earth.

Shall I proclaim my message to the unheeding ones, or shall I fly home to the place where my kin are resting with folded wings?

I feel like a butterfly at the dawn of a long June day of sunshine.

All the gardens of earth are waiting for me.

All the flowers are making themselves

beautiful, that I may choose them for my kiss.

Shall I leave this lovely riot and the music of the bells to sound to an empty world?

Nay! Rather shall I fly down, down, down, even into the blackest swamp.

I fear not the soiling of the gossamer, for with me will go the golden thread that attaches all I touch to the globe that is my home.

And the earth shall be held in loving bondage by many millions of threads all carrying my message, spreading wide and encircling the soul of man taken prisoner by the Spirit of Love and Truth.

IV.

I rise on the wings of the eagle,
High up the precipice—sweeping through space.
Such power in a human soul—to be conscious of flight,
Out of the body like a bird from a cage, or a convict from years of prison;
The freedom of the heavens lie before me.

What do I choose?
I choose the earth!
Back to the beautiful earth
Spread at my feet like a field of flowers.
I walk through them hither and thither as my eye directs—as the blossoms attract.
Colours of a myriad shades—forms of dainty loveliness uncountable:
I wander all day in a sensuous joy of participation.

At the sunset hour I find myself at the edge of a wood;
The slanting rays of the sun dart through the leaves and embrace the trunks of the tall trees;
These trees are great and noble, like thoughtful men and women who gather aside in groups to talk and to plan what things are needed for the welfare of their brothers.
I love that wood and the rays of the sun on the leaves, like inspirations from a golden sphere.
I lay myself down under an oak and gaze up at the deepening blue until the single

stars spy on me from beyond the branches over my head.

I gaze in wonder and seriousness until my body is forgotten, and my mind blends with all the thought of greatness around me.

Then is my spirit free—free—free, and I may fly if I will to some far-off planet.

What do I choose?

I choose the earth!

The beautiful earth! My beloved earth!

To wait for the joy that cometh with the Sunrise.

Where do I find myself?

In a land of green grass where the children play.

This is the land of all Peace and Harmony, waiting to leaven and permeate the rough soil far beneath.

How I have revelled in the field of flowers!

How I have gloried in reverence of communion with the majestic wood! But this green plateau—this is the nursery—the leaping-off ground for the future Race.

What creatures of promise!

What gaiety of action! what joyous voices!

What beauty of colour and form—
Tiny sparks from the diamond-heart.

When will the valley be prepared for their advent?
When will they come down from the mountains to dwell with us—these Love-bringers to humanity?
What an earth this will be when mothers are reared for these little ones playing on the green grass-land, where the wings of an eagle carried me.

And ye who reach the heights with me,
What will be your names in that day
When the way is open for the coming to earth of a new Race?
Would ye that men say, 'Elder brothers to the little children?'

V.

Hide not thy talent too long in the earth, or the flowers will ne'er bloom in season, but come in the winter snows and be withered e'er their beauty is expressed.

Speak not thy word too late, or the ears that are attuned will have grown deaf with age, and there will be none to listen unto thee.

Paint thy pictures in the light of the noontide, that the colours may be shining and strong in their loveliness to lighten the darkness when it cometh.

In a word, my child, be ready to seize thy opportunity, and thy gift shall find acceptance before the Throne and the Tribunal.

Be as a Crusader with armour and sword.
Be as a lion protecting its young.
Be as a lamb led to the sacrifice.
Be as a bride decked for her husband.
Be as a disciple meeting his master;

And in all thy being, *be thyself*, and carry my message!

My message is thy message, as the Ray is from the Sun, and there is no cave so dark that it may not be entered and the darkness broken.

Gather thy children and nourish them to growth, so that they become strong in the Light; strong to fight, to protect, to sacrifice, to be full of joy, to be willing tillers of the soil, that the weedy fields may become gardens—gardens filled with the beauty of Earth, which the Race must know and enjoy before it can attain to greater things. If the lowest is not transmuted and transformed, how can the highest be brought to birth?

Hearken, ye who are my messengers. Be as electrons who feed without their knowledge those who hunger, who shine without lamps to hold the flame, who travel the earth's circle unhindered and unchained, and are visible only to the few.

Then, in that day, when the Great One

comes for His own, ye shall bring forth thy baskets of rare fruit as an offering to Him of thy harvest; and the gardens ye have worked in shall be part of the earth, where all may share the beauty Love's labour has accomplished.

VI.

Great Teacher! Answer me, then, the thing that I think upon.

Yea, child, what is it that occupies thy mind and gives quiet to thy vision?

Tell me, first, O Master, what is Reason?

Reason, my little one, is the cold hour before the dawn that weighs and measures what is past and what is to come, and accepts both as immutable will.

Smile not in jest at Reason, but treat thy reasonable hour with dignity, for it is one standing alone in many.

Master, I have seen that hour, and waited

for the sunrise, that mine heart might rejoice in a new day.

Tell me now, what is wisdom, and how shall we who sit at Thy feet gain even a fraction of that which Man needeth?

Son, Wisdom is as the Day that bringeth all works to completion. It embraceth the dawn and the moontide, the light and the heat. It useth the tide for itself, and careth not when the waters recede. The dry land scorched by the Sun it maketh into a vineyard, and guideth the workers to their labours and their rest, and in the evening it offereth all that the day hath brought forth, to be used or set aside for those days when they work not.

Master, it is great gain to have gathered Wisdom. Wilt thou tell me what more can Man learn, to reach a place by Thy side?

Men and gods talk much of Love, and I have heard many women speak the word that I now ask Thee to instruct me upon. What is Love, O Great One?

Thou human shadow of the Creator! When thou knowest Love thou hast the Light and

the Darkness in thy grasp—not one hour only, nor the rising to the setting, but the encircling of the whole in completeness—the Sun and the Stars, the crescent and the full moon—all that thou mayest see and know, that will Love bestow upon thee.

Great shalt thou be according to thy Love, and all shalt thou give to earth and heaven in a cycle of days and nights, many tho' they be; always are the heat and the cold and the rising sun but incidents in thy fullness.

Master, Thou makest me to fear at the tale of such capacity. If I have the Day and the Night for mine own, I shall be born and I shall pass away. I shall have happiness beyond all that I have known, and I shall suffer in deepest sorrow, for I may not keep all the hours gay and joyful.

Yea, my child, thou art growing to Manhood, and thy Reason and Wisdom have taught thee comprehension of what Life may give thee.

Choose, then, which thou wilt have—an hour at dawn, the noontide of light, or the full Day and Night of Sun and Moon.

The stature of thy growth will hold thy

choice. May mastery be thy reward, and the steps thou treadest lead thee to the pinnacle where attainment glittereth in the Heavens as a Star of great magnitude.

VII.

I cling to my rock amidst this sea of turmoil; my salvation in the storm that rages.

My being longs for peace, but round me are lightnings and thunderings and clash—gigantic booming waves of sound that deafen my very soul and well-nigh shatter my consciousness.

I know not if the earth is to be destroyed, but I hold to my Rock—the one material thing that is not in movement before my vision.

Change there must be when this storm is over, but will there be an earth as I know it?

Will there be deserts and forests, mountains and cities, and will Humanity still build and

destroy, like children playing with a castle of cards?

I know not, but I must be patient and have faith in my rock.

Once in my dreams I saw an eagle perched on a pinnacle in mid-ocean, and his desire was for the Sun.

I feel as that eagle did. The day is far from me, as tho' in my memory day was a thing of my childhood.

When will the Dawn come!

I, who am bathed in darkness, call from the depths of my being for the Dawn to break, and my voice is as the beating of a butterfly's wing in a typhoon.

I clutch the rock with clinging hands, holding to my one hope of existence, and yet why exist when I am alone?

Is there anything, or any being, that is needful to this vastness of ocean that looks like the embodied spirit of storm?

I sink into exhaustion, and dreamily wish to merge with all this destroying force, when suddenly a thought comes to me, from where or from whom I cannot remember—

'Faith as a grain of mustard seed shall remove mountains!'

Alas! I see no mountains!

If I did, I should long to fly to them for security.

Faith! Surely I have faith!

I am little else but faith!

It is my life!

My faith has bound me to this rock, when all manifestation as I have known it is swamped in water great as space.

If I live as an embodiment of Faith, I can make the mountains to rise again from the sea.

I can cover their stony sides with fertile earth, and trees will grow out of their brown expanses.

Out of my faith will come the seeds of Life that have lain asleep whilst worlds circled, and over the drying surface will here and there appear beautiful forms that have been through purification and are as new-born beings, with sun-rays in their hearts caught from the Dawn.

These are they who will grow in the way that was intended for those who walk the earth; from the centre out, as a flame from a lantern.

The New People walk before me as shadows waiting to enter these forms created by Faith and the overcoming of storm.

As of old the Ark will rest on the dry land, and the Chosen Ones will inhabit all that has been prepared for them by the Builders—by those who have been Builders from the beginning of Universal Time.

My rock has become the foundation for the Golden Cities of Earth.

VIII.

Spread thy wings, O my Spirit, and fly to that Sphere where a god holds a Universe lightly as a child holds a ball, and as lightly throws it. Lo, a flash in the Heavens!

The spark which is me becomes part of the sun dust, drifting in space.

Spread thy wings, O my Mind, and fly to that sphere where my Master sits with his kind, and holds as a ball the will of a Race.

Lo, he throws it, and I and my brothers are shattered in thought and know not what goal we must make.

Spread thy wings, O my Soul, and fly to a spot on earth or in space where, side by side in completeness, sit King and Consort watching over their subjects, offering to beings who worship an ideal, Elysian fields of joy and growth—a meeting on planes of purity, tenderness, patiently serving the Ruler whose sceptre is wielded with power of bestowal in Love.

Spread thy wings, O my Heart, and fly, light as a bird, to that land where SHE holds my Spirit, my Mind, my Soul in her hands. These shall I grasp in comradeship true, loving the touch, desiring that she shall do as she wills with all that was mine in the past, or is mine in the future of time : trusting and knowing, sharing with her, the Bestower, the Lover, the Woman, the Mother, commanding I serve the Race of Her Children.

One day I shall fly as an eagle homewards, carrying on wings spread wide to the Sun the blessed burden of harvest, willed and brought forth on the sphere of the earth by the touch of the gods on Her brow.

IX.

I come from out the blue space, and my robes are spotted with the stars of the morning.

My hands are filled with flowers, and my heart is running over with joy of Youth to bestow on the old.

Ye, who are the wise men, hide not behind your grey beards and shelter not within your magic circles, for I dance through them as a sunbeam, and wherever I dance they are broken, as the darkness of night by the first ray of Dawn.

I come with Love as my companion.
She is beautiful and full of knowledge.
None have ye like unto Her in your cities of civilisation.

She shall teach you the eternal lesson, and when ye have learned at Her knee, Lo, She shall arise in majesty of Queenhood and be seated on a Throne—the Throne of Light in a dark world.

The hearts of Her subjects are gay as a young lover's whose labour is all for his Beloved.

Light and Love the parents of Life—as Life should be.

. . . . .

My children, put aside your toys, and learn the lesson of thy manhood.

Shall woman teach you your Fatherhood, that men may be as Brothers?

Yea, She shall teach the little ones as they grow around Her, but, ye bearded men who think ye are wise, back must ye go to your Mother's knee and listen to Her word.

'Ye are my babes, and I give you love as the heavens pour rain on a thirsty earth.

'Take it and give to the motherless, protecting the weak, serving the old.

'Make of thy house a resting-place for the angels.

'Let the whirr of their wings break upon thine ears to awaken thee to this new Day.

'Let the Trinity of thy thought be a corner-stone in the Building, and the joys of thy heart as the flowers in a beautiful garden where the pilgrims from afar may tarry on their journey to the mountain-top.'

X.

In ancient teaching Woman has been placed in the honourable position of law-breaker. When humanity in its childhood was given one command, "Thou shalt not know," Woman said, "I shall, and through me all my children shall have *Knowledge*."

Humanity in its youth was given by its Teacher ten commands.

Woman said, "I shall know—how to keep them and how to break them, and through me my children shall learn *Wisdom*."

Humanity in its coming of age was given much teaching and again one command.

Woman said, "I shall know, how to take

and how to give, and through me my children shall learn *Love*."

"With Knowledge, Wisdom and Love they may live in the world without my care, for they will have grown to be Men, with freedom of choice and responsible for their actions."

* * * * *

The husk of the seed must be broken to grow the food that nourishes, and Humanity be fed with strong meat for Men. So the law that is broken in the outer makes room for expansion from within, and Knowledge, Wisdom and Love hold neither "Shalt" nor "Shalt not" in their attainment.

Let us sing our Te Deum to that aspect of Deity whose work it is to break down the barriers of man-made law.

XI.

Woman of all the world! raise high thy Mother-hand
To bless and guard the children nestling at thy knee.
Teach them thy lesson of caring for the little ones—
The making of the Home a sheltered haven free from storm,
Tending the hearth and watching Flame that burning clear
Is like a beacon high in hope to workers on the earth.

Woman of all the world! send forth thy sons
Strong in their manhood, filled with knowledge pure,
Courage and compassion, endurance, mercy, love,
Learned at thy knee.
Holding thy banner, wearing thy token in the fight

Of deeds of valour 'gainst the strife of might.
The Mother-hand protecting all things young
and weak.

Woman! make thy name into a power in all
the land,
Where men, thy children, walk in ways that
lead them back to thee,
Where home and family make brothers true
As steel to those best qualities of manhood
At thy knee bestowed.
The coming Golden Age is in thy hands,
To tend, to hold, or throw away.

Woman of all the world! take heed and learn,
So will thy children grow into a worthy Race
To hold the message thou must bring
From God to Man.

XII.

Offspring of Love and of Suffering,
Nursling of Sacrifice!
A call from the heart of Humanity clarioned forth
By the advent of That named the Comforter.

. . . . .

In form of a Woman
Is this message to earth;
Her touch is the Ray
Of the Sun to the seed
That was sown in the ground by many a Christ.

The hour of its bursting to leaf and to flower,
And the gathering of fruit, and the sending it far
Straight from Her hands as Her gift to the World;
Keeping naught for Herself but the name that Man honours.
That hour of the promise is nigh!

Over the tree-tops, over the mountains,
Piercing the clouds away into Space,
The note of a song that Earth sings to the Universe.
The chord has been struck, and sweet Harmony born
On that plane where the battle of spirit and matter
Has fought through long æons of Time
To make perfect sound of the Word calling Life—

Life, perfect in union of bodies full-grown—
Life, as the Great One had planned for the Race
Before *self* had entered as serpent of power,
Grasping, encircling, enclosing in prison
Of matter—shut out from the Temple of Song.

The father bestows on his children the form
And beauty of mind and of intellect keen;
But the stirring of heart from the centre of being
That lies in *Compassion*, sixth note of the scale,

Is given from Motherhood, Woman as Guardian,
Her arms all enfolding and comforting sorrow
That loses its sting, lying close to Her breast.

Back to the garden She goes with Her Children,
Back to the Temple, Shrine of the Heart,
Singing of union with Earth, Sea and Sun ;
Worshipping Him who is King of the Universe,
Father-Creator of All.

XIII.

Silence!

A great, awe-inspiring silence held the earth as far as my eye reached over land and sea.

Every living thing paused, as tho' death had struck them dumb and immovable.

At this moment I was hurrying towards the city, and my way lay lay through forest trees and over glassy slopes.

I too was struck by this unseen power.
Even my heart seemed to stop beating.
Everything waited.

And then, afar off, I heard the tinkling of a tiny bell and the trilling of a young voice.

Over the green hillock the figure of a child appeared, all golden like a sunbeam, and behind him came late winter Dawn bringing an awakening to Everyman.

A rustle of gentle wind over the trees, the birds chirruped and sang, at first very low and then with their little throats bursting with notes of joy. The grass seemed to tremble with movement, as though all creeping and insect creatures were stirring.

In the city a happy hum of voices and tread of rapid steps of people, each one hastening to his work inspired by a new bestowal of energy to face the daily round.

It was as tho' a glorious Spring morning had come, before the long dark days of winter had passed, for Promise was by the side of everyone, and a spark of flame was ignited in

the heart of man, that glowed through his being and crowned him king of his own kingdom.

On came the child, dancing amid all this stir, unconscious of aught but the sunrise and his happiness in it.

Over his head a dove flew, and higher still an eagle with widespread, slow, sweeping wings.

At his feet gambolled a lamb of white, woolly softness, and, a few yards in advance, a majestic lion of tawny mane and haughty tread.

King of birds, King of beasts, and with them, in accord and companionship, the child as King of men :—the child come to earth at Dawn while all Nature slept—the child come to earth to look for Love in all Life, that it might be sheltered by arms that protected—come to earth in trust and faith exceeding great.

XIV.

I am the Light Bringer ;
I awaken the Sleepers.

Those who are ready to carry the torch arise and follow me. My steps are unheard, my voice has no earthly sound, my touch is as the breath of a summer wind stirring the petals of the flowers,—yet from me comes all the power to bring the New to birth. I raise my hand, and mountains rise or fall. My feet tread the path of earth, and behold, a garden grows. I pass through the cities, and all that is ugly is destroyed, and man goes to his labour with a song in his heart.

The mists that hide the mountain from the pilgrims are dispersed, and glory appears before the watchers.

Those who have slept long in darkness companion me, as I take the wings of the morning and circle round the planet.

. . . . .

A new Light, a new torch, a new voice, a new beauty and joy for my children. New, yet old as the gods who once more shall dwell with us, and we the elder ones shall walk with them, when the Light Bringer dispels the mist.

XV.

The Fire mists rise,
The Fire flies sparkle,
The Fire fairies dance.

The salamander embraces the flame, and the spirit is born in the stress and heat of circumstance.

The Lords of the Flame enter the earth in storm and heaving earthquake, and take possession of the citadel in flash of lightning-shaft and thunder-bolt.

Fear holds man still and dumb, until overcoming fear, the spirit takes command, and the sword may not destroy him nor bar

his entrance through the Gate of Knowledge.

The Fire mists rise,
The Fire flies sparkle,
The Fire fairies dance,
And Man is Master of the elements, subject to their Creator.

Strength and majesty of mind and heart aflame; so do the Lords seal their servants with the seal of the spirit-born, and the earth shines with the reflected glow from those who tread the path leading from the Gate of Knowledge to the Castle of Wisdom on the summit.

XVI.

Sing ye a song unto me, O my people!
Raise high your voices, sounding to hill and sea,
Calling the earth.
Hark to the message that comes from a snow-clad peak!
A ray from the Temple of gold.

Sing ye a song unto me, O my people!
Waken the slumberers in the valley,
Waken them quickly before the Dawn breaketh,
Before they are overwhelmed and destroyed.
Those that sleep shall sink into darkness;
The sun shall never again bestow on them his gifts of joy and glad growth.

Sing ye a song unto me, O my people!
Granting unto you all aspiration,
I shall hear your voices sweetly carol—
For I shall lead ye, O my People;
Lead ye high to that summit of snow
Where you will behold the height and the depth
Of your being and mine.
Then shall the Great One gather you before the Gate of the Temple
And your eyes will grow accustomed to the Light;
Your heart will beat to a new vibration,
Fainting with awe, and breathless,
If you are permitted to enter.

Sing unto me again and again, O my people!
Never tire! Have no fear!

Raise high your voices sounding to hill and sea.
Call my message—now *your* message.
Come, enter the doorway of white alabaster by the power of your singing word,
Finding its echo on this great peak,
Willing all supplication into forms of shining beauty.

Sing unto me, O my People!
Beloved and loving, sharing, bestowing, shining with Light as the Sun.
Sing, ever sing your joy in labour accomplished,
Symbol of God in his Universe,
Ruling and guiding as mind commands or heart desires.

Ye have sung unto me, O my People!
I have heard you and loved you,
Now you are beside me on the mountain
Where initiation was and *is*—
Where your soul shall shine through all your bodies,
Your head touching the clouds; but if
You love me, keep your feet firmly on earth,
So shall your stature carry my message.

Ye are part of me, O my People!
I know you, ye know me—
Never ending your Knowledge.
Peak upon peak you may climb,
Following your vision and beyond:
Doors that are closed shall open for you,
Enter with Freedom the Gate of thy choice.

Hold high your heads, O my people!
Ever your eyes reflecting the glory of me,
Gather ye close to my bosom,
Your heart throbbing with bestowal of me;
Your God and your lover, your comrade. your brother,
Giving to all the expression of me.

Such is my message—
Sing it on earth, evermore,
O my People!

XVII.

Abandon care, all ye who enter here!
The way is long and rough, the goal unseen,
The pilgrims weary with their burden;
But as the door is reached
And load of years laid down,
Youth springs to life within the heart,
And from their eyes look out
The child eternal.

Abandon care, all ye who enter here!
And from the depth of heart and mind,
Fly forth like many wingéd birds
Such aspirations into space
As might transmute our earth into a sun.
The brilliance of the shining,
And the whirring of the wings,
Make stir in ether like a fanning breeze,
To sift all dust from out
The vision of the few
Before the gate.

Abandon care, all ye who enter here!
To hard-pressed mortals treading earthly road,
What greater hope and promise could their hearts desire?
The weariness of travel, the dust of toil,
The punishment, reward, and duties dull,
Are at an end before this entrance into Life—
Life, as God intended for the Race,
Not Life as Man hath made it for himself,
A task fit only for the strength of Hercules
To overcome as victor in a fight.

Abandon care, all ye who enter here!
To Golden Age of Beauty and of Joy,
The Race must all go through this Gate,
This Gate of Liberation giving Life and choice
To every man—the choice of Love's best gift,
The key to that White Door, the entrance pure
To where the Way lies open now for all
To Mount of Dawn;
The soul of Man may rise to regions far
Beyond the human ken of this grey day.

. . . . .

With head erect and eyes raised high,
His staff cast wide to earth beneath,
Man reads the welcome to his new-found home—

'Abandon care, all ye who enter here!'

XVIII.

I stand upon the rock,
Where once in faith I clung with desperate hold,
The one firm step from which to climb
To goal beyond the most adventurous dreams;
And then like winged messenger of adept's band,
I rise in air as lightly as a bird,
O'er trees and mountain-side.

Free, free as prison doors thrown wide
May give the prisoner all the earth to tread.
I little knew that Faith makes solid ground
From which to soar into the heavens space.

I skim the waves, nor sea-gull envy
In my new-found flight.
I float o'er peaceful lakes,
Hid high midst hills of lonely majesty—
Those hills that rise from out the flood
To greet the Sun
At dawn of new-born day.

The power that held that rock to earth,
A place of outlook like the ark of old
That power is in the smallest creature here,
Who in its faith hath storm withstood,
Nor shaken in its loyalty
To all the master-guidance given
In turmoil of an earth distraught.

The Alchemy of Faith,
Handmaid to Love,
And sister dear to fragile Hope,
Who cannot live in this dark world
Unless companioned in her loneliness.

So ye who stand upon your rock,
Hold wide your arms to give protection lovingly
To those who well-nigh sink in waters black.
Point to the dawning Day!
Its rays of Light directed on the Ark,
That Hope may enter there,
If guided on the way by Faith.

XIX.

A grey dawn,
  Following the sombre night.
Clouds that sulk and frown
Upon the new-born day
  And fain would stifle it.

The rumble-tumble
  Of the distant waves
Beating on the shore,
Like dying thunder
  In a summer storm.

The voice of herald
  To the rising sun
Harshly raised—
The long low call
  Of cattle in the fields.

All Nature's voice
  Speaking the word
Of impotence in Man.

Nought brought he forth,
  Nor altered aught
Of day or night,
  Or storm or calm—

Scattered like shifting sands
Before the wind,
  If keeping not the Law
Of God the Father;
  Glorifying Him
In loving Brotherhood
To Everyman.

XX.

I am dancing, dancing, dancing in shadow and sunshine, on mountain and sea.

He who tries to touch me fails, but when he forgets me, I enter into his house—I and my children.

I feed and nourish, aud render unto him the happiness of health, of energy, of manhood, and he knows not who is his servant.

In the dark and in the light, I never cease from dancing.

I know not rest! I am free! I am priceless!

I enter prisons, palaces, huts, houses.

I give myself to slaves, Kings, man, child, animal, flower, the field of grain—all who desire Life.

I am the lighting spark of energy for all.

What care I when men or nations or worlds pass away?

Always I dance, and always there are those who watch me, and gather me to their innermost being in their joy of union with my Master the Sun.

XXI.

We launch our bark on the ocean wide,
Or walk by the shore in a pensive mood;
And ponder the past that has brought our feet
To this plateau on earth where all pilgrims meet
On their way to the land of our dreams.

We sail the sea to the sunset glow,
Or gather the flowers as we roam the wood,
And look to the clouds for a sign from the air,
While the call to work for Humanity's care
Comes from the land of our dreams.

Our senses alive to see and to hear
Voice from the ocean and song of the wind,
Our feet on the earth, our head touching cloud,
Is the way to progress if the heart calls aloud,
'Life may be real as the land of our dreams.'

Love the Creator makes man and his will
Take hold of the dust and transmute it to gold,
Enriching the soil that once was a sod,
Building a Temple enshrining a god
Who is King in the land of our dreams.

XXII.

The quiet peace
Of early morn,
The sleepy chirp of birds
    Awakening
To joyful day.

The ruddy glow
Of sunset hour,
Nature held tenderly in the arms
    Of night,
Till dawn returns.

And so the wheel
Of morn, of day,
Of eve and darkness lit by many lamps
    Of mystery,
Eludes us

Yet we turn and turn,
And multiply
The daily, grey monotony,
    Into infinitude
Of human ignorance.

XXIII.

I am a child, and I write in a book the things that I see.

The Master comes, and smiles upon me, and passes his hand across my brow, and these things are no more in my memory.

I am a man, and I write in a book the things that I do, and the Master comes again, and smiles, but again he passes his hand across my brow, and these things are forgotten.

What shall I do to please him?

In the darkness I hear the wailing call of something that suffers. What is the need of this creature alone in the night?

The Master is watching, and waits for my thought. *I know!* The need of the lonely is Love. I shall hasten to wherever the call is

echoed, and those who have no arms around them I shall gather to my bosom, that they may rest.

. . . . .

The Master has passed on. He need not now touch my brow with forgetfulness, for Love cannot forget.

XXIV.

I wander in the desert, looking for my Beloved.

Yea, tho' it be in the cities of men, yet is it a desert, and the oasis of shady trees and limpid water is far away on the horizon where the sun is setting.

Along the way where men walk with their camels and their merchandise, will sound the call as a tinkling bell, and I shall take my staff and join them, as tho' on a pilgrimage,—but the place where I journey is that place where my Beloved waits for me.

And I shall say—

'Behold, I am he who hath come from the desert to look for Her whom my soul hath remembered. Let thy heart speak in the language that I understand, and tell of the vision thou hast seen of him who cometh from out the multitude to claim thee for his own.'

Long hast thou waited by the fountain, with thy pitcher filled to the brim, waiting for one weary pilgrim who travels the dusty road.

The oasis of his desert is by thy side, and his thirst is quenched by the water from thy pitcher.

Refreshed, he goeth on his way, and again thou fillest thy pitcher, and again thou sittest down to wait.

Perchance in the cycle of time that pilgrim may return.

So is it written in the soul of thy heart's memory.

XXV.

Beloved, I stand at the door of thy tent, and wait.

Patient am I, for have I not waited through the æons for this day when you and I should meet?

The tinkle of the bells is far off, and the flicker of the fire raises shadows over the sleeping figures.

Am I alone in my watching in this desert place, and are there none but the stars to see me waiting by thy tent?

Once in the grey city we spoke together of this night, and now it is real—real as we are—two beings living the thought that ages ago was but a word-picture.

Beloved soul, I wait at thy tent door.

Speak the word that opens our understanding of God and man and makes the bond between heaven and earth.

The tinkle of the camel bells and the flicker

of the fire. I wander into dreamland as I wait.

"Hark! What was that? A clarion note entering into my brain as a sound from Olympus! The whisper of a voice that calls me to the spheres.

"Enter, my Beloved. I await thee within the tent, even as thou hast waited without. In the time of the planets, the hour has struck for the veil to be lifted. We shall go forth as one messenger telling to the people of the city that where the fires flicker in the desert, the tinkling bells call the sleepers to awake and continue their journey."

The stars are dimmed, but the Dawn of a new day will soon be over all.

XXVI.

An eagle caged,
A prisoned lion,
A slaughtered lamb,
A dove shot down.
And a child massacred at the feet of his Mother.

My heart is torn in sorrow by any of these.

Non-thinking man hath painted blood and tears
In pigments of a living suffering
Not knowing half his power, and careless of the learning.
Who is there can teach him until he dies in pain?

An eagle on the mountain crag,
A lion roaming through the forest,

A lamb gambolling in the fields,
A dove sweeping over the trees,
And a laughing child by his Mother's knee.

My heart rejoices with a new song,
For man has learned that Love giveth Life its Freedom.

XXVII.

Make thyself a god within thy heart,
One to obey as ne'er an outer god was feared.

Jehovah turned to stone,
An ancient idol of a younger race;
But this young god,
A rare Apollo of such wonder,
Born of will to serve within the soul,
He calls to earth :—
'Surrender all thy baubles and thy worshipped things,
For I am Ruler in this land,
If thou thyself a willing subject,
Set me upon my throne.

'My reign is long and bountiful,
If thou awake to this one law, compelling
By gentle influence, imposing greatness
On sweet modesty.
For Man is great, and none are servile.
True union now assured,
When Love is as the Sun reflected in thine eyes,
And shining as the jewelled sceptre
Of a crowned King.'

XXVIII.

Seven silent sentinels standing on the hill-top,
Their long lean trunks
Shadowed against a dusky sky,
Guarding the dawn jealously
From contact with the careless earth,
Sleeping at its post.

Many myriad million leaves waiting for the Sun
To greet the day,

Shimmering and trembling
Like a timid bather
Touching the edge of watery space,
Alight with rays of morn.

Birds building in the hedge below
Fly to topmost branches of the trees
Majestic, towering into cloudy height.
Even man must raise himself,
To gaze with wonder at these forest kings
Banished from their home.

Seven golden messengers from realm of Sun,
Waiting for the night
To open wide its portals
For their advent into Life of Human mould,
Waiting for the Sesame to Heart and Mind
That ushers in a Golden Age.

XXIX.

The silver locks, the eyes grown dim,
Gaiety departed, daily task a task indeed,
The questioning brain and doubting heart
Pondering the Good in fellow-man.
The winter of the soul, ice-bound by want of trust
In God's good plan for progress
Of His human race.

The Spring is born in sudden sunshine hour,
The trees are budding, and the golden daffodils
Are peeping boldly from their shelt'ring green.
A fairy wand has waved o'er earth,
And Nature's nymphs are dancing in the dew
That bathes the grass; the tears on furrowed cheek of age
Are tears from memory of joyous youthful days.

The message of the Spring to everyman
Is Promise to the thirsting soul
That summer still must come
With strength and fire, and roses red to pluck
And autumn fruit to gather,
E'er the darkness of the winter night
Surrounds the traveller journeying through Life.

And ye whose eyes are dim and soul is tired,
Your heart may ever be as time of Spring,
If so ye will: for from its fount
Comes all the sunshine for the flowers
That makes our earth a garden fair,
Where fairy feet may trip and voices trill
Love's joyous song,
A peal of bells from Arcady.

XXX.

My soul is drenched in tears like autumn rain,
My heart is cold as winter snows,
My brain is dead to all the philosophic wanderings
On heights of reasoning mind,

Like fog-bound city, or the sea in storm,
I sway from silent thought
To noisy dashing of my will
Against the human circumstance
That makes me weak and powerless to advance.

To master Fate, and make of Life
A journey o'er a sunlit road
To long eternity of joyful incident,
Takes faith surpassing
Strength of man.

Yet what availeth faith,
If teaching of the Master
Tells not a truthful miracle,
That even such as stature of a mustard-seed
Gives power to move the mountains
Rearing heads gigantic in their majesty,
That faith alone could scale
Or sweep from out our path.

Faith clad in garments of experience,
With torch of Hope,
A blazing beacon casting Light
On all the shadows that arise
To bar the way ;
And Spirit Fire within the heart
To melt the snows and dry the tears,
Awakening wisdom
When the brain is choked
By questioning doubt.

The magic Trinity in everyman
A generous gift from whom
We know not, nor can name
Why those in human race
Who keep the spark divine alive
Have made that Trinity their creed.

And many names they've called,
But always threefold in their influence,
By Master taught or Man attained.
Faith, Hope and Charity—
And greatest is this Love on all bestowed.

XXXI.

See where yonder crones spin webs of fate
From starry mist
That human puppets call their destiny,
And bow before, as subjects ruled by law
Made ready for the herd ;
Instilling lethargy and fear, with care for self,
And leading sheep not bold enough to stray.

The beaten track, the hedge-bound fold,
The ready provender,
The shelter from the storm of circumstance,

No added strength to battle or endure.
Arise, ye leaders, break the barriers down,
And call your warrior caste to fight the fates
That are but threads opposing swords of character.

Tempered steel in hands of those who learn
To mount the heights
And rise by growth of soul and mastery of man-made fate.
Command thy stars!
Rule self, and thou shalt crownéd King become,
Fit company for those who from the planets watch
Their chosen children born to echo their equality.

XXXII.

What is this Universal Soul
Of which we humans are one cell ?
What power of Universe is here enclosed,
That we, the Race of Earth, do so command
By force of mind and energy ;
And as a part of this evolving Whole
Dictate to systems and impress upon their plastic round
What *we* believe and what *we* bring to pass.

Is there one cell in all this Universal Soul
That knows a fraction more of that capacity
To leaven or transmute by simply being ?
And when that knowledge gained at last,
What use for good of Whole can that cell make ?

In Time, beyond what human brain can hold,
It may so permeate the Universal Soul
And bring fruition in its overflow
Of thought for good—or change—for that is all
That strong belief inspiring energy
Can make in matter as we see it now.
Change — aye, merely Change, and in the mind's imaginings
Is fashioned this or that.

Our pigmy earth proclaims :—
'Behold what I have given to the Universal Soul!'
And yet the Great One holds it all within the hollow of His hand;
Or so our words describe what we would fain believe,
For even as we change, the All-around doth follow us,
If we are calm within the whirlpool.
And in each heart of every man or star,
Is that one cell of Universal soul.

XXXIII.

I am thy Master, child,
And thou hast answered my commands.
Thy testing has been truly borne,
In faithfulness and patience to the goal.

The time comes now, a haven after storm,
In mind of Man through years of stress controlled,
The peace of task accomplished,
The joy of leisured day and sunny hour,
The gathering of strength for higher climb
To mountains, in thy dream of yesterday.

And there a resting-place is found for thee,
A plateau where thou mayest retire
To contemplate thy action, well-detached
From influence by personality,

Where good deeds done may bear thee company,
Yet lacking naught of greater power to grow.

Fear not to take thy rest, my child!
I give to thee thy lesson, learn it well
In quiet, as thou hast learned it in the working hour.
All is beauty that the soul desires,
Answer its commands as thou wouldst mine.
It is but echoing my voice to thee.

. , . . .

Thy Master is thy Higher Self,
And like thy God knows best the good in life
When thou dost freely give
The gift to Man thy Brother
Of all thy power of building ideals for humanity,
For future day of Golden Age.

XXXIV.

What will you, Man, that Life should give to you?
The wash and surf of broken waves,
That beat upon a shallow shore,
Or pools of deepest limpid green,
With sunny sparkle on their surface smooth?
For children, bathing, splashing, playing,
Sands and pleasure boats, and spades and shells—
The laughing, tiny things that shout with glee—
The shore is well, and serves its hour.
But Life needs *all* the Ocean for its passing,
Breakers, rocks, and hidden icebergs looming.

Ye who know need fear no shipwreck to your plans,
For they but open out into a wider vista
Great and glorious in its beauty—
Greater far than joy in pools and shallows.
Ye sail away into such realms of golden cloud
As the Sun sinks far into the western sky
And peace and promise are your portion on the sea of Life,
When ye, the Mariners, have truly set your compass unto Love.

XXXV.

The hours are dull as unprolific sleep,
The senses dimmed and brain a weary master
Flogging on a tired slave.

The daily task a grinding, grating mill,
That noisesome and protesting gives for labour
Husks and ashes to a thirsting soul.

And then in all the gaiety of sunrise revel,
There comes a fiery flame from heights
Ye have forgotten long,

Grey hours and days melt into moments
Keen with joyous eagerness to cull
The glorious essence greedily.

To gather all the flowers within your reach,
And scatter them in riotous coloured spray
Of beauty, odour, and bestowal.

Tapping a source unknown to all but those
Who pioneer into that wondrous land
Of ecstasy and loveliness.

You glimpse what power of union
With this cosmic grandeur
May in lavish gift enrich the whole of earth
and man.

Then from an unexplored sphere
Comes forth the clarion call to mount
Another step towards the misty goal.

What attributes of greatness you have gained,
In all this aspiration unto highest heaven
You may not keep;

But throwing wide with sweeping arm the fertile seed,
A harvest may arise of golden grain
For youthful gleaners at the end of thy laborious day.

And where are ye who tilled the ground,
And sowed and reaped and garnered well
Thy Master's land of Promise?

Mounting, ever mounting this long ladder of adventure
That narrows to the top
And disappears into the clouds,
Stretching from the dark, evolving past to present day.
The last rung is never visible to mortal eyes,
The last note is never heard by mortal ears,
For evermore
Is that which beckons upwards, onwards

Into unknown Light,
Enveloping a wisdom that, attaining now
To but a spark, gives genius
From source so inexhaustible
That human mind amazed
Holds carelessly, yet full of fear
Lest it may lose the thought,
Not knowing how to call its name
In accents to retain it in this world of sense.

Intuition, Spirit, God,
The Power receding into Absolute!
But sharing in, ye mediate
To all within the measure of your Day.

And so the alchemy of earth proceeds,
Transmuting from the clay
The golden atom,
Shining out of darkness at the last,
As ray from glowing Sun.

XXXVI.

The call from the Mountain of Dawn
Goes out as a song to the earth!

Many there are who awaken and listen,
Arise and go forth like the pilgrims of old,
The strength of their faith a light to their vision,
Obeying commands, not doubting the plan.

Now man has the key that unlocks temple-doors,
Gift of the Woman in loving bestowal,
Evermore are they wide, unbarred, free to all
Except those imprisoned by body and mind,
The blind and the deaf human souls.

Paths have all merged for the Pioneer Race
Who carry the message of Spring in their hearts,

Long winter has passed, and the nest is
prepared,
Yea, cradle for babe in the Home of the
Mother,
And Man is the toiler and Builder for Her.

He sings at his labour the song from the
Mountain,
Swelling and sounding, the notes fall to
earth
Like drops from a fountain of beauty and
life.
Filling the cup She takes from the Source,
Full and o'erflowing in infinite giving
Of Love
To Her Children of Men.

XXXVII.

A day of sunshine, joy and sweet content,
Of laughter and the talk from thoughtful minds ;
A sky so blue, and paths through rugged trees
So old, yet lovely in their dignity
And strength of gnarled trunk and branch.

A day of comradeship and trust cemented,
Of plans for future meeting—
Of vision retrospective with intent
To master incidents of human interest
In loyal hearts of long ago.

The change of time brings all things to fruition,
And then decay of that which need not stay,
When all that was an ideal is expressed

In stone or wood or words of beauty sensed;
For all must pass through crucible of tests.

From out the fire the worthy only will remain
And naught but Right, for Good of Race is fair,
So shining bright and golden as the Sun at noon—
A zenith well attained—a goal for Man;
The flowering blossom of what his sonl may know.

XXXVIII.

Because I love you,
All the world's a garden.
I pluck the flowers,
Their beauty, form, entrancing.
Give to me the gift of Eden,
Ere yet had knowledge come.

Because you love me,
All the world is Heaven.
The streets are golden,
Angels tune their harps
And sing the praises
Of their God above.

But not more sweetly
Than I sing of thee,
White-robed in purity,
Thy tresses like the sun,
And form of lily-grace,
With heart of Rose's scent.

Because we love,
We walk the garden,
Seeing in each other's eyes
Reflections of all loveliness
Divine for those on earth
Who find their Eden there.

XXXIX.

Joy, Joy! A pæan of joy to the Sun!
He rises in golden splendour,
Covering the earth
With a deluge of Light
And Life
To body and soul.

Emerging from sunrise at morn,
Apollo with chariot and steeds
Enters the race
As a spirit who wins
The prize
Of the day at noon.

Joy, Joy! A pæan of joy to the god!
Descending from heights of Olympus.
Dreams of the birth
Of perfection will follow
Thy glance
At the beauty of Earth.

Joy, Joy! O great Spirit!
As a lightning dart from the Heavens
Flashing thy Ray
And touching the mount
Where the Temple awaits
For thy glorious message of Love.

XL.

Dance! Dance! Dance to the pipes of Pan!
Sing! Sing! Sing to the pipes of Pan!
Hark to the call over hill,
Through the trees,
In the trill of the birds,
In the stream—
From the bees—
Echoing, echoing, echoing,
Nothing can hold it all for its own:
It maketh the heart to bleed with its agony,
It maketh the heart to laugh with its joy,—
The joy and the beauty of Nature compelling
The earth and its ants
To be slaves to its will.

Dance! Dance! Dance to the music of Pan!
Sing! Sing! Sing with the music of Pan!

Be one with his song,
And follow him
Back to the youth of thy soul.
Retract all mistakes,
Begin once again,
Dance as a child to the rhythm of gladness,
Attain to thy Manhood, the harvest of Race.

Serving the will
Which is pulse to thy character,
Clearing the paths as pioneers hardy,
Giving thy labour
A gift to the multitude:
The knowledge of need
And the Master's command,
A call in the heart
Of Man to his God.

Dance! Dance! Dance to the glory of Life!
Sing! Sing! Sing to the gods on the heights!
When the Temple is built,
Stone by stone
With thy hands;
And thou knowest the way

Step by step ;
And thy strength
Has been gained by the climbing ;
Aspiring beyond
Where thy tired feet may carry thee ;
Raising a city
Golden and shining,
Building foundations on rock for the homes
To environ posterity, waiting to people
The purified planet of earth.

XLI.

Autumn leaves are gone, the fields are ploughed,
'Promise,' the child of Spring, lies sleeping in the silence.
His presence by the senses long forgotten,
But in the heart his picture resting
In all the beauty of an artist's dream.

And when the days are come
That follow winter,

Our waiting gift will crown us,
Like the blossom in an orchard—
Delicate, faint, sweet-smelling as a lovely babe.

Bringing the Harvest ripe in ear,
To the Reaper ;
He who works to fill his Master's store-house.
A Plenty and an overflowing,
Of Service given and once again returned.

Love descending as the Angels,
On the steps from heaven to earth.
And ascending
From the soul of everyman,
To reach the source, in thought aspiring.

The heart, expanding like a summer rose,
The seedling to fruition—
The child to manhood.
So will promise be fufilled in Race,
And Golden Age appear.

The one and only lesson given by all the Masters,
Yet lived in simple Motherhood.

Bestowing on the little ones the care and
love
That man to brother learning to bestow,
Will keep the Angels with us dwelling.

No ladder needed 'twixt high and low,
But a Kingdom ruled by crown of Life,
Resting on Humanity,
As the gentle hand of loving woman
On child of Man.

XLII.

Put thy trust in Humanity.

Believe in Man, that he will follow what he sees as an ideal for the growth towards perfection of the Race.

In the struggle between strength and weakness, have faith that strength shall rule, true strength, noble strength, strength of vision that sets aside all that is paltry and weak and useless for this wonderful new people.

As Noah of old was commanded to gather in his chosen, so now are gathering those who will float out on the flood from Heaven, keeping their eyes on the horizon for the first glimpse of the high land on which the Ark will rest.

In that Day will the earth be covered by streams flowing in the four directions; and on their banks will the flowers of the Race grow in beauty and worthiness, sharing the gifts of the gods.

In that Day will Truth and Loveliness, Honour and Justice hold the reins of Rule.

The I-hood of the individual will show as a spark from the Sun of the Universe, and a Race full-grown will shine, reflecting in its capacity the light of its source.

Meanwhile, thou chosen one, add to thy strength, to thy endurance, to thy courage.

Having conquered Fear by thy Love, set out on the climb to thine own particular peak.

Happy be they who hold thy hand or who

meet thee at the resting-place, but let thy happiness be in accomplishing that which is thy work.

Let thy laughter be in wisdom gained.

To travel light maketh the journey short, and when thou hast reached the summit, what needest thou but the sunrise to make thy joy complete; the sunrise which is for all who are by thy side.

For many wants thou must descend again to the valleys where the little people dwell—the creepers along furrows—the seekers after possessions.

They see not the sunrise, nor the horizon, but they are tillers of the soil, where the flowers will grow, fed by the streams from the mountain.

. . . . .

Build ye a house of the future to live in,
Beautiful, white, designed in grand purity,
Roses, forget-me-nots, sun-dial and thatch,
And borders of old-world flowers.
An orchard of blossom with fruit in the Autumn,
A gate and a path, a porch and a well,
Where lovers may wish,

Dropping in a white stone,
Pledging the vows of their youth to each other.

Build ye a city for coming posterity,
Beautiful children will live in its homes,
Nature its Temple, a Queen its High Priestess,
Ruling Her people with sceptre of Love,
Guarding their honour by strength of Her womanhood;
Sending Her sons to the soil and the sea,
Making Her daughters the mothers of men,
And the babes of these twain
Young gods of the Race.

Build ye a land out of sun and of rain,
A place where the youth of Humanity grows
As flowers in a garden;
Rich fruits of the earth
Golden and luscious, life-giving and pure
Food for such forms of beauty unknown
In this time of the present o'ershadowed.
The Chosen are those who see Life in the Stars,
In the trees and the grass, or the rainbow and shower,

Who, great in their will and their power to
choose right
In the building of home or of city or Race,
With gladness and joy in the strength of their
kind,
Strong-limbed for the climb to the summit at
noon,
With vision far-seeing awaiting that Day
Of glory and promise, complete and
sufficing,
Are the jewels in the crown of their God.

XLIII.

Our children,
Yours and mine,
Beautiful in form,
With golden locks so sunny, texture silk,
And eyes as blue as summer heaven's space.

They wait within the Master's grassy land
For that glad hour when home preparéd is
To bring their gifts;

Enriching Earth's progressing wave of Life
From Saturn's shore.
If we might privileged be to choose for them,
What shall we give to Man from hands of little ones?

A body, worthy temple of the Spirit power,
Enfolding love and purity in golden heart,
And eyes, twin lamps,
Which lighten every path they tread
With shining radiance from the soul within.

Each one shall shower these treasures
On the Race, and we but willing servers
Of the Master's will to man,
Shall count our lives but hours of happiness,
In knowledge sure
That Earth shines brighter for these rays of Sun,
Brought into being by Joy,
In union with the Great One's plan.

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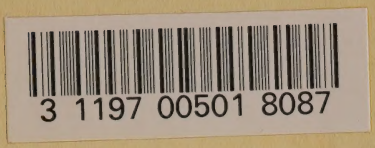
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